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that there could be no doubt in the minds of his hearers of the fact that he (Bryan) felt absolutely certain that Mr. Wilson would not again be a candidate for the Presidency.

The question is: Does Mr. Bryan still entertain the views he so emphatically expressed at Clarksburg, West Virginia, in October, 1912?

RALEIGH T. GREEN.

CULPEPER, VA.

THE PRESIDENT AS A JUDGE OF MEN

SIR,—Your February number, which I find on my desk this morning, reminds me that it was my intention to write you after having read "England Today," in the January issue.

I felt then, and continue to feel, that it is my duty to tell you how very strongly I was moved. Regularly there come into our house the *Nineteenth Century*, *Contemporary Review*, *Punch*, *Illustrated London News*, and *Life*, as well as other publications. In them I have read everything worth reading relating to the war, and I have to say that your article made a deeper impression on me than anything else on the subject I have read. It was graphic, illuminating, tragic, and a whole lot more—and most intensely so.

I must now also tell you how very greatly I have enjoyed your fun with Bryan and Daniels. It was uproarious.

To a certain extent you are Wilson's godfather as an office-holder, so I may tell you that I started out with a very high appreciation of him. But the weak point in Wilson's make-up, it seems to me, is that he is a poor judge of men. Bryan, Daniels, and now Brandeis, as well as many others, all testify to a fearful lack in this direction.

ADAM HANNAH.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

CRITICIZING A CRITIC

SIR,—Does it not seem to you that a critic, in estimating the value of a work of art, should pay some heed to the opinions of other critics concerning the subject under discussion? I have reference to Mr. Gilman's review, in your March issue, of Enrique Granados's opera, *Goyescas*, recently performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Gilman remarks of Granados that "his is a fifth-rate musical mind"; but other critics do not agree with him—Mr. Granados has been much praised in high critical quarters, and his music has evidently given pleasure to many writers on music. Evidently, either Mr. Gilman is very ignorant or very wise; my private conviction is that he is the former. If Mr. Granados has a "fifth-rate mind," Mr. Gilman's is surely a sixth or seventh-rate one.

MIGUEL ALBANIZ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

[It is difference of opinion, in the view of Pudd'nhead Wilson, that makes horse-races. We are sorry that our correspondent found his opinion and that of various critics concerning Mr. Granados's opera unsupported by the music-critic of the REVIEW. But criticism would be dull reading if all critics used the same rubber-stamp. Moreover, we doubt if the general

culture would be advanced if a critic, finding himself at odds with the majority view, should prefer conformity to independence.—EDITOR.]

A PLEA FOR GRAVITY

SIR,—Permit me to protest against the manner in which your musical critic discusses Signor Granados's opera, *Goyescas*, in the March number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Mr. Gilman might at least have treated this work with seriousness, instead of discussing it with the ill-timed levity which you yourself, Mr. Harvey, so frequently and unbecomingly bring to the discussion of affairs in your editorials. Every other critic in New York discussed this opera with the seriousness which its merits demanded. Even if your critic did not admire the opera, he might at least have treated it respectfully. He is probably one of those would-be cynical old fogies whose dried-up hearts can no longer respond to the appeal of beauty and sentiment.

The REVIEW is sometimes inexcusably frivolous. Why can't you be serious once in a while?

PERCY C. LA SALLE.

NEW YORK CITY.

[In a world somewhat liberally stocked with solemn asses, our imputed frivolity (which we are far from admitting) should deserve a more thankful response than the above.—EDITOR.]

ALAN SEEGER'S "REVIEW" POEM IN FRENCH

SIR,—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW recently published a poem by Mr. Alan Seeger, an American serving in the *Légion Etrangère*, entitled "Champagne, 1914-1915." I showed this to a number of my friends, and one of them, Monsieur Georges Saint Paul, a member of the French Supreme Court, has translated it into rhythmic French. It may be interesting to you and to Mr. Seeger to see these beautiful verses in French dress. At any rate, I know it will be agreeable to both of you to learn the pleasure these lines have given to Frenchmen of taste.

M.

PARIS, FRANCE.

CHAMPAGNE, 1914-1915

Dans les joyeux banquets, dans les fêtes heureuses,
Quand les fronts rayonnants s'éclairaient,
Quand les verres dorés s'irrisent
De ce doux vin de France, où se sont concentrés
La lumière du ciel et la beauté du Monde;

Oh, buvez quelquefois, vous dont les pas encore
Peuvent fouler en paix les sentiers de la terre
Si chers à parcourir,
Aux braves dont le sang, versé pour le devoir,
Sanctifie le sol d'où naquit ce breuvage.

Ici, ensevelis par les mains dévouées
De quelque camarade, ils dorment pour toujours
Tout le long de nos lignes, là où ils sont tombés,